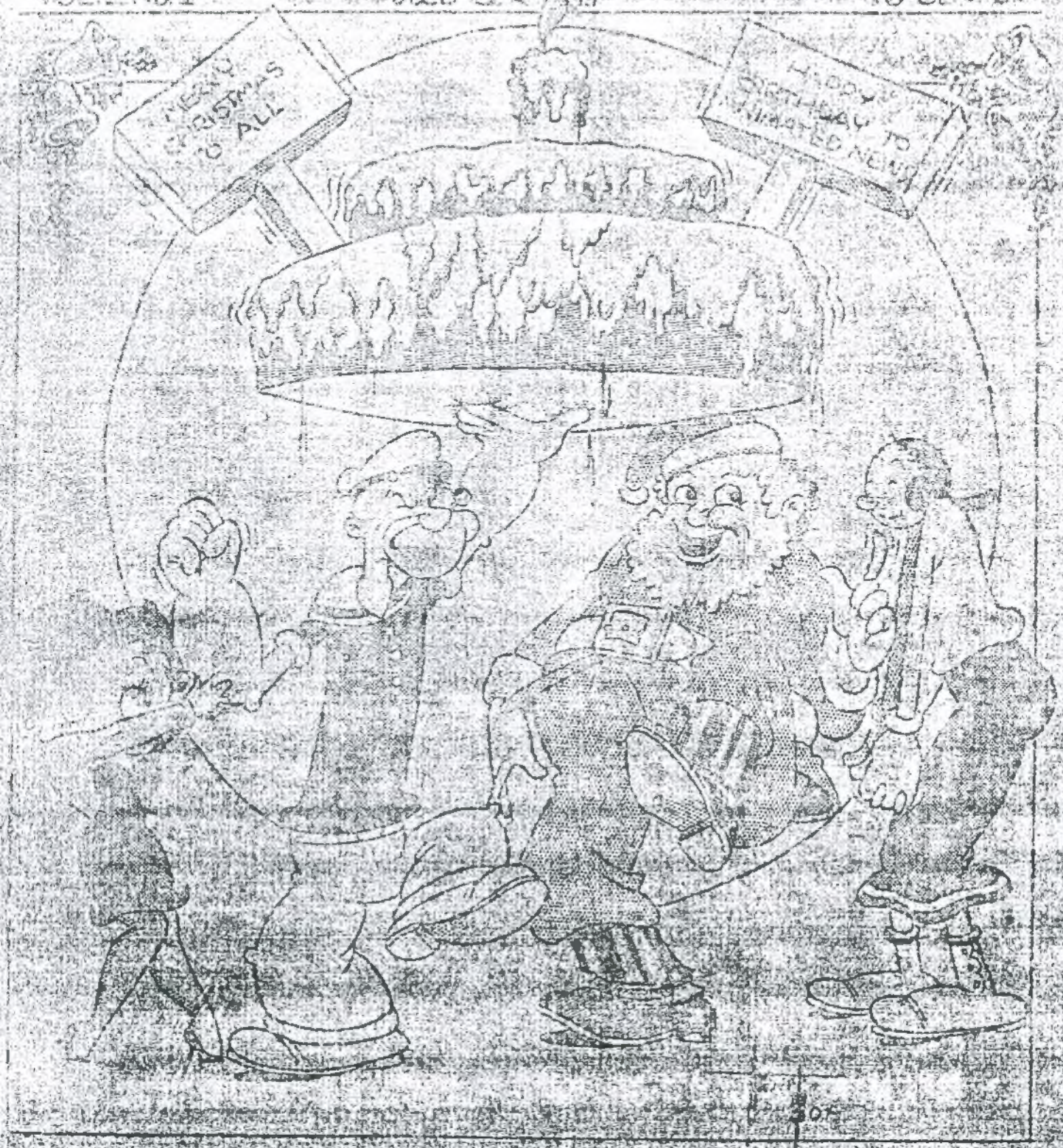


FLEISCHER'S ANIMATED NEWS

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10 CENTS



The Editor Sez

A THOUGHT FOR THE HOLIDAYS

The Holiday season, Christmas and New Years, is celebrated as a festive occasion. Most every individual makes something of them, according to his own dictates and conscience and governed to some extent by practice and tradition. It is the last week of the old year and the beginning of a new one. It is also a good time to take inventory of oneself. If progress is to be made in the individual, a stock inventory should be made, the same as any merchant would. Retrospection, analyzing experiences and events that have past, and introspection, looking within oneself to appraise what qualities there are, or lack of them.

It is so easy to drift with the tide, take the line of least resistance or let well enough alone. With no thought for the present, there can be little for the future. The type of worker who falls into this line of thinking is usually the one who complains most bitterly because he is not advancing, and is the most resentful of another's progress and good fortune.

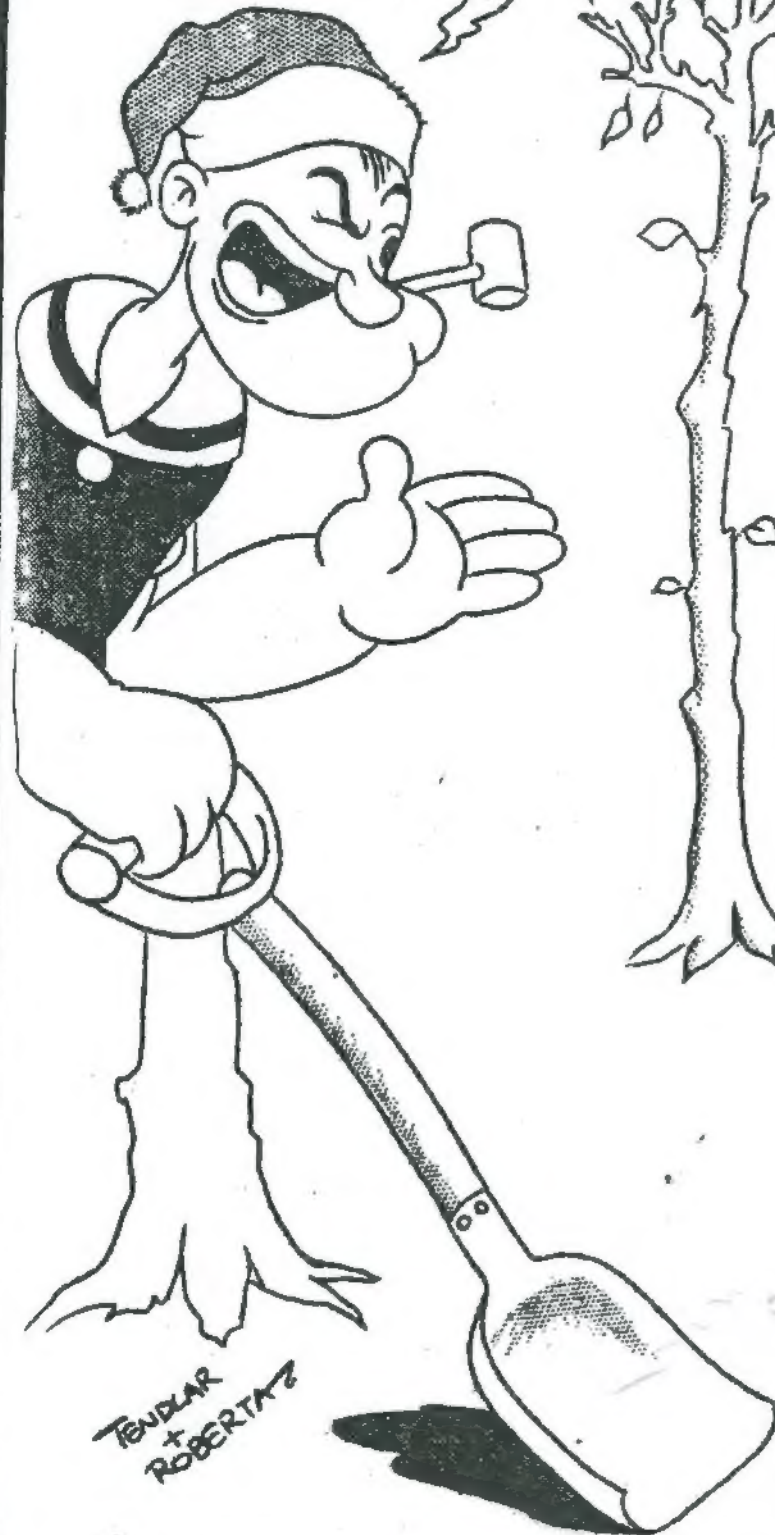
Hard work alone does not always insure progress. There is the type of worker who is a drudge, plows ahead and to all outward appearance is working hard, but not thinking. The success story of those who have climbed ahead of the crowd, usually tells of hard work, sacrifices and intelligent determination. Giving to the present job, the best that is in him and appraising the work with view to its effect on his future. The biographies of those who have been successful generally show that their success was due to what they were able to give, rather than what they tried to selfishly accumulate.

Napoleon once remarked "Every soldier carries a Marshal's Baton in his knapsack". Everyone has the seed of success in himself if he will intelligently cultivate it. Distant fields may look greener, but the battle for success is right where you are standing. Before the year is out, take an inventory of yourself with a view to improvement, remembering that progress lies up and out and not down and out.



SURPRISE!!

MERRY CHRISTMAS
PUDDY-I BRANG YOU A
ORCHARD ALL FOR
YERSELF—!!



TENDLER
+ ROBERTAZ

TINY TYPES

by Roberta



TED VOSK was born in Berlin, Germany, B. H. (before Hitler). The family name was Woskoboynikoff, but was simplified to Vosk. When he was born he weighed 13½ pounds, which is colossal. He didn't seem to make much progress in growing, which caused his mother to fear that he would grow up to be a midget. He did.

In Germany, he attended a private school and was within three years of finishing, when he came to this country. The schools in Germany are graded higher than here, but notwithstanding when he came to America, he was put in the fourth grade. He didn't stay there long. As soon as he learned English he was teaching the teachers.

At the age of seven years, he decided to become a comedian, and still is, and he did considerable cutting up in the old home parlor. Ted is quite a wit, and we don't mean half. At ten, he confesses to singing soprano in a synagogue choir, but alibis he didn't know what he was doing.

At twelve, Ted was brought to America, accompanied by his father, mother, brother and sister, or was it the other way around?

Ted says that if there is an accident stalking around, looking for some place to happen, it usually finds him. When he was three, he ran into an ironing board and still carries the scar under his left eye. One day while playing, he plunged into a pile of bricks and a few moments of oblivion. Not satisfied with that, Ted dived into the shallow, very shallow end of a swimming pool, there was time out for one minute (Official A.A.A. time) while he listened to the birds sing. The affair of the scissors also figured in. A girl, presumably his sister, heaved a pair at him. One day a bicycle bore down on him, his foot work was bad and so was the bump he got. La episode de gymnasium was a high spot and almost landed him in the obituary columns. While swinging from the rings, ten feet above the floor, he lost consciousness and fell on the back of his head. He was unconscious for eight hours. (He actually believes he got over it). As a result of the fall, he was in the hospital for three days.

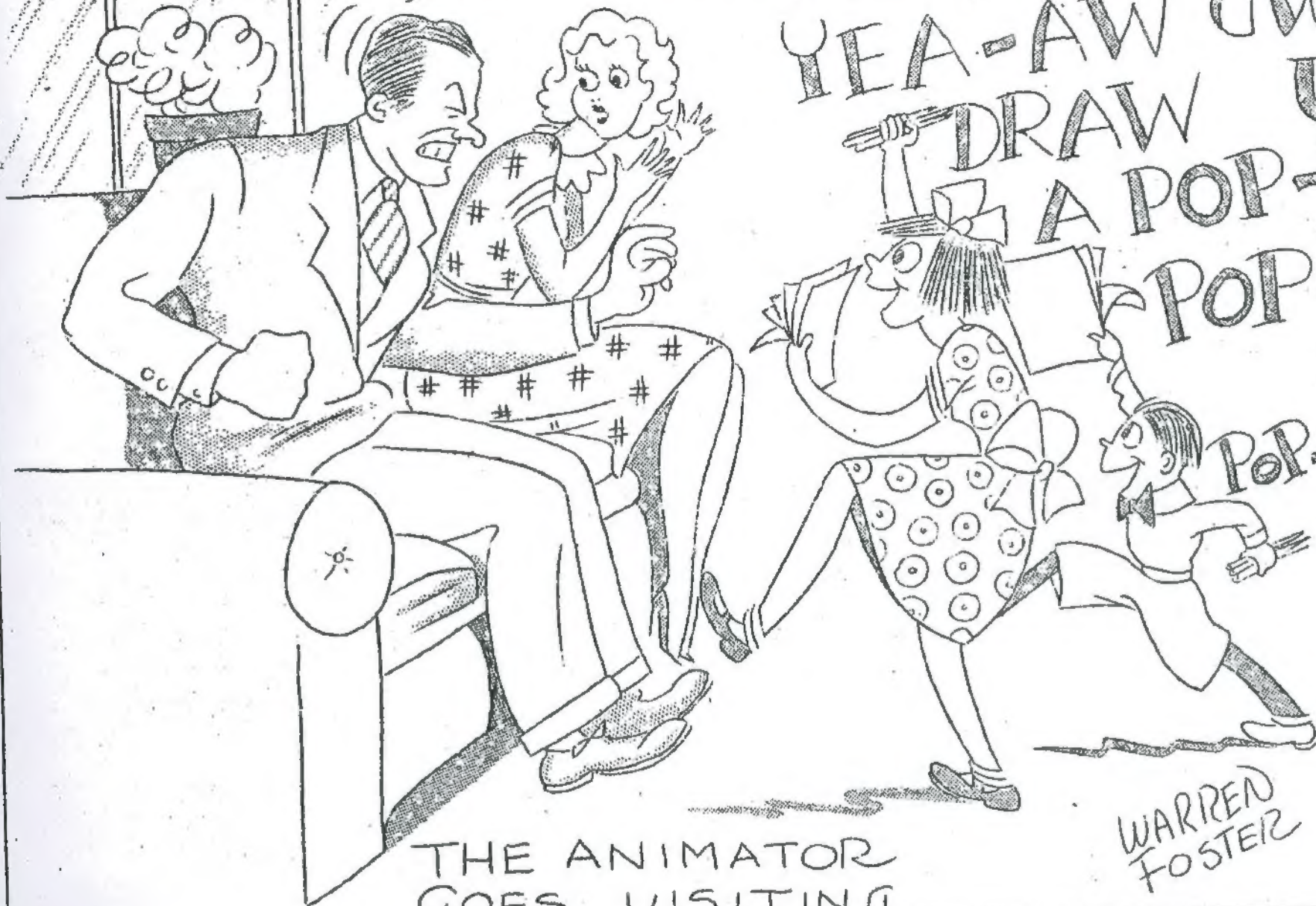
He once had an ambition to be an architect and studied hard, out of books, but gave it up. At 14 he went to Commercial High School, but disliked the routine, so he "quituated" and got a job in a laundry, nice clean work. Here he met his old friend the ironing board. After this, he went to work in an office where he was in charge. He was also a furrier's helper. He officiated as a button-hole-pusher-iner, at a pocketbook factory. He then served time as an errand boy and a shipping clerk respectively. From this, he had a sign shop of his own. After parking on the studio steps for practically three years, he finally landed a job on January 16, 1933, as an opaquer. In three months, he was in the Inking Department. The ticket that got him into the studio was a twelve foot cartoon which he animated and photographed himself.

After four months in the Inking Department, he went to Inbetweening and after not quite two years at this, he finds himself in Myron Waldman's group of animators.

In spite of all these falls on the head, he has grown up to 5 feet 5 inches tall and weighs 140 pounds. His eyes are still brown and he has curly hair. He admits to a small mole on his tummy. Smokes Chesterfield cigarettes and likes one before breakfast (ugh!) Has a hobby of photography. By right, his hobby should be music, he studied violin and won a silver medal for playing in 1929. Wants to play piano. (All right go ahead). He is a conservative dresser, fond of blues and greys and dislikes tweeds and never will wear them. Has a sense of humor and does perfect imitations of Bert Lahr, Harpo Marx and Jimmie Durante. In school Ted majored in sports and is still interested. Likes to read detective stories and when not reading or otherwise occupied, sleeps on his right side. He is generous, admits he is moody and is quick to admit his own faults. He is fond of the fair sex.

He drinks an excess of coffee and roast chicken is his favorite food. And has he an appetite? Remember when Childs offered all you could eat for 60 cents? Ted was the reason why they quit. One meal Ted ate \$2.85 worth of food, mere Childs play.

POP-EYE-POP-EYE
YEA-AW GWAN
DRAW US
A POP-EYE
POP-EYE



THE ANIMATOR
GOES VISITING

WARREN
FOSTER

TINTYPES

by Roberta



This being the first anniversary of the magazine, we thought it would be appropriate to run Tintypes of the originator of the idea for the Animated News and the first and present editors. Ben Solomon thought of the idea and was successful in launching the magazine. December 1934 was the first issue.

Ben Solomon was born in Brooklyn, N. Y. He was the second child, he has an older sister. Ben was named after his grandfather. Ben started his schooling in Brooklyn attending Public School then Isaac Remsen Jr. High. He also attended Murray Hill Industrial High School in New York and studied advertising art at Cooper Union. Ben has eight medals of merit for various work

in art.

As a child, Ben was characterized as a bit of a "devil". One of his favorite childish pranks was to shoot the hats off passers by, with an airgun. This sniping was done from the roof top until a surprise visit from a local gendarme put a stop to Ben's target practice.

Ben's first job was show card writing, from this he came to the Studio and has been here two years. He is very fond of all sports, football, baseball and swimming stand out as his major sport interests. He is an excellent swimmer and two years ago heard a cry of distress from a swimmer seized with a cramp. He didn't take time to remove even his shoes but dove into the water and rescued the party in distress.

If eating is a sport, Ben likes that too, although he has a small appetite. Likes milk perhaps better than any beverage. Smokes a pipe exclusively and dislikes cigarettes. He is very fond of the movies and Sundays will find Ben in front of his radio picking up his favorite dance tunes. He has no recollection of a childhood ambition and guesses his ambition now is to be an animator. He has no particular hobbies. He is a conservative dresser being mostly fond of brown which he wears well because of his brown eyes and brown hair. Ben just misses being a six footer by one inch and his 153 lbs. is well proportioned. He is a good dancer (is your card already full for the Christmas dinner?)

Ben was born August 28, 1914, the World War was just getting a good start, and so was Ben. He has never been out of New York state. (Not even to Joisey City?) Ben has a habit of usually ending a sentence with the word "but" or "yet". He is very quiet and not given to talking, although his friends say that when he gets out with his crowd he loosens up and shines as a conversationalist. He is an active member of a Brooklyn Social Club. He taught poster art in an East Side Settlement House a year and a half ago.

Ben claims he has no temper and is of an even disposition. He is fond of reading but lately has confined this enjoyment to newspaper reading. He lives in Brooklyn with his parents. Ben is a sound sleeper and attributes this accomplishment to the fact that he only wears the bottom part of his pajamas.

TWENTYFIVES



ROBERTA WHITEHEAD runs away from home to enter school!! That happened when our editor was just three and a half years old. She was born in London, England. A pen full of pigs on her grandmother's farm constituted her playmates. While in the pen one day, she decided to let out all of the pigs, and being a rather chubby child, she couldn't get out of the pen herself. Oink. She doted on imitating grown-up people and boasts of the day she made a burglar take to his heels.

Her father went to sea as a chief engineer, settled in the U. S. and sent for his family. Roberta invaded the U. S. at the tender age of 5. New Orleans was her first stop. She didn't want to come to America. She stood beside a statue and hoped to be mistaken for part of it, but the ruse didn't work. She visited New York in 1911 and stayed to finish grammar school, and went back to New Orleans where she graduated high school at the age of 15. Back again to New York, but this time to stay.

She studied dancing at the school of John Murray Anderson and appeared at the Capitol Theatre and points west. She was a member of one of the Paramount units. Her next enterprise was as "contact man" or -- woman for Warner Bros. While in Philadelphia on business for Warner Bros., Roberta and one of her girl friends decided to enlarge the Tea Room industry. Business flourished until the failure of a Philadelphia Bank put a definite stop to their venture.

Roberta returned to New York City and was at liberty for one year. Then, in September 1934, our present editor entered the studios, and has since been chosen as an assistant to Lizel Howson.

Her eyes are brown and the top of her head is about 5'5" away from the floor. She weighed 100 pounds when she began her career with Fleischer Studios and has gained 16 pounds since. She is a very nervous person and bites her fingernails although she has soft teeth. Her hair began to grey at the age of 18. She doesn't shape her eyebrows and uses little or no make-up. She has no fancy for jewelry except her wedding ring. She was married in 1929.

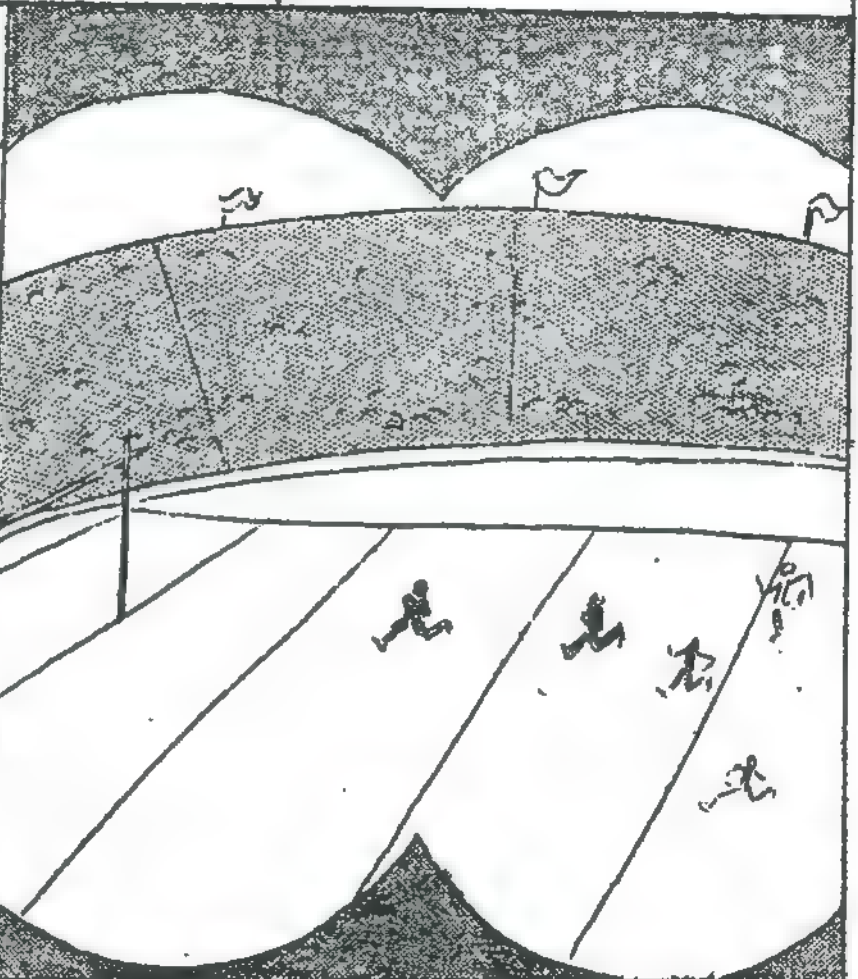
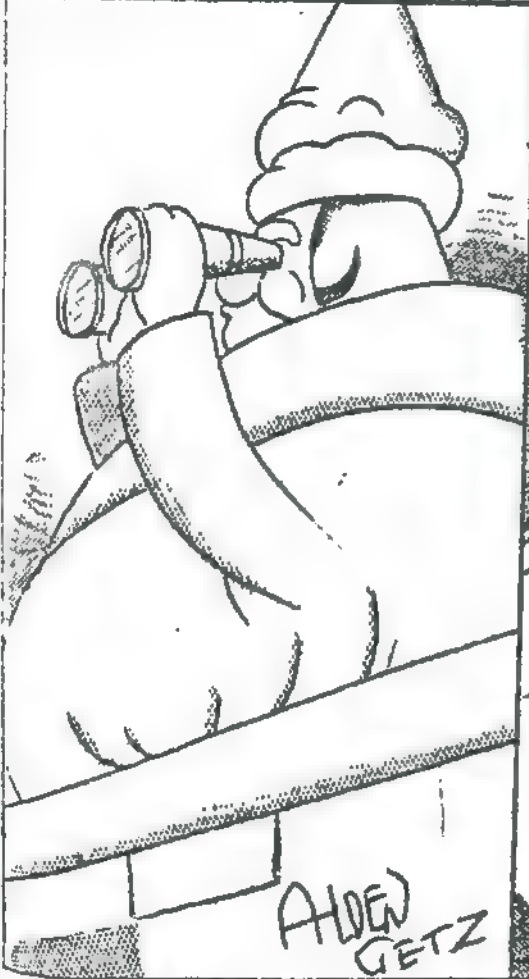
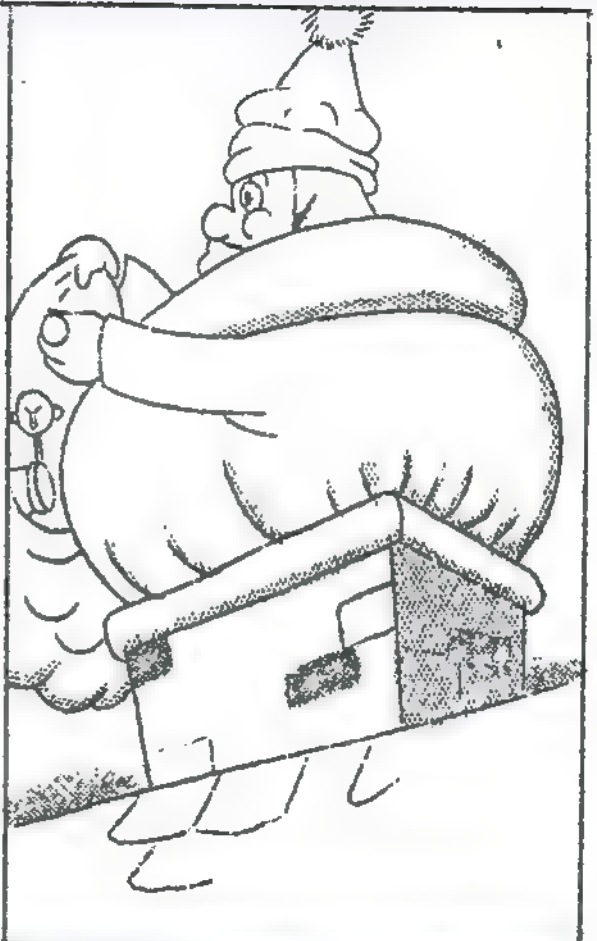
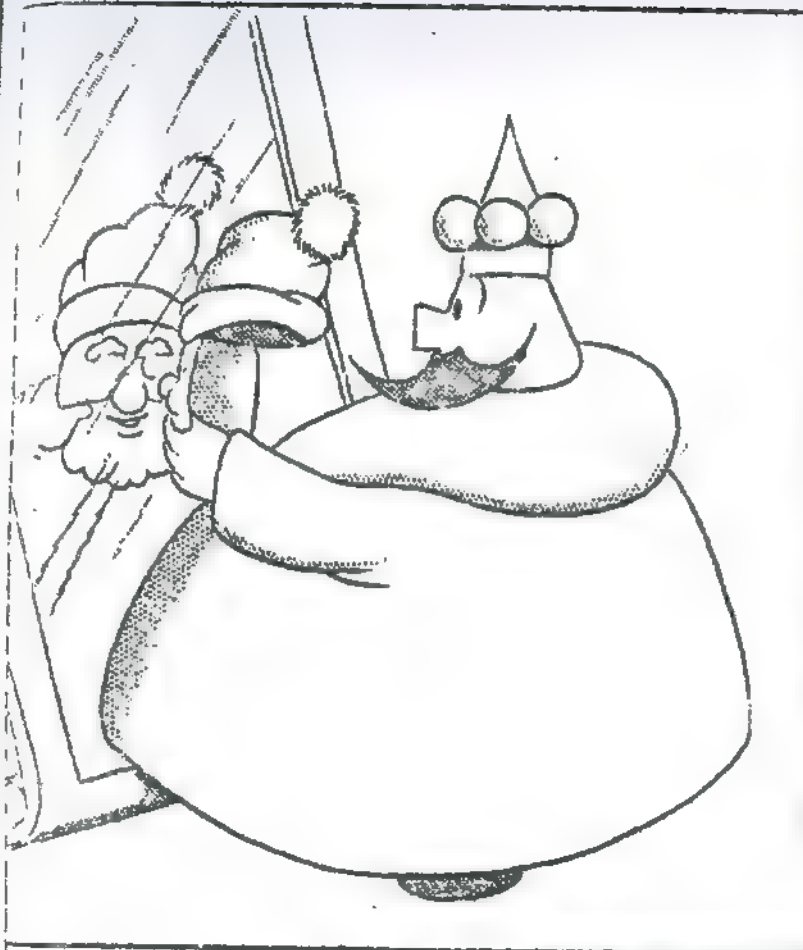
Roberta is an expert marionetteer and amuses herself with miniature theatres and masks. She collects textiles and is very fond of writing. Some of her efforts have been rewarded by the New Yorker and Good Housekeeping. She imitates a train with her feet.

She has one brother and a sister, both in California and like Roberta - married. Roberta is a descendant of Lochinvar's bride. (Sue Beatrice Fairfax). She is very fond of animals and insists that her cat Jo-Boy sez "Hello" when you enter her parlor.

Beefsteak, Kidney Pie, Roast Beef and Yorkshire Pudding (not a dessert) are her favorite foods. She doesn't like pork because of her earlier association with the 'Porkies'. Her favorite drink is wine. She doesn't drink much. Mixed drinks bring a frown to her face. She is generously impulsive and vice versa. Dislikes

arguments and informs us that she has never participated in a really good argument. (Y'wanna make anything of it?) She swears like a pirate once she gets started. She never lights a cigarette with the end of another and has a habit of blowing a thick smoke ring and then pushing it away with her hand at about every other puff. She has a phobia of being in a high building and then having the building topple over.

She sleeps in a nightgown and doesn't like much bedclothing. Although she dreams a lot she has yet to include her husband in her dreams. She has a mole. It's on the left side of her face.



INKING

By Aaron Krawitz.

Inking is the tracing of drawings from paper onto celluloid. A good inker must, to begin with, have a great deal of muscle control to enable him to handle a pen on the slippery surface of the cell, a knowledge of planning, plus a knowledge of art, as it is applied to animation.

In the Inking Department, one really is starting to learn the business from the various angles, such as exposure sheets, pink cards, complete scenes, charts, guides, backgrounds, setbacks, camera, etc. Inking is sort of a combination of planning and tracing, which must be done very carefully in order to make a reproduction of the animator's drawing.

Upon receiving a scene, one must follow these rules religiously:

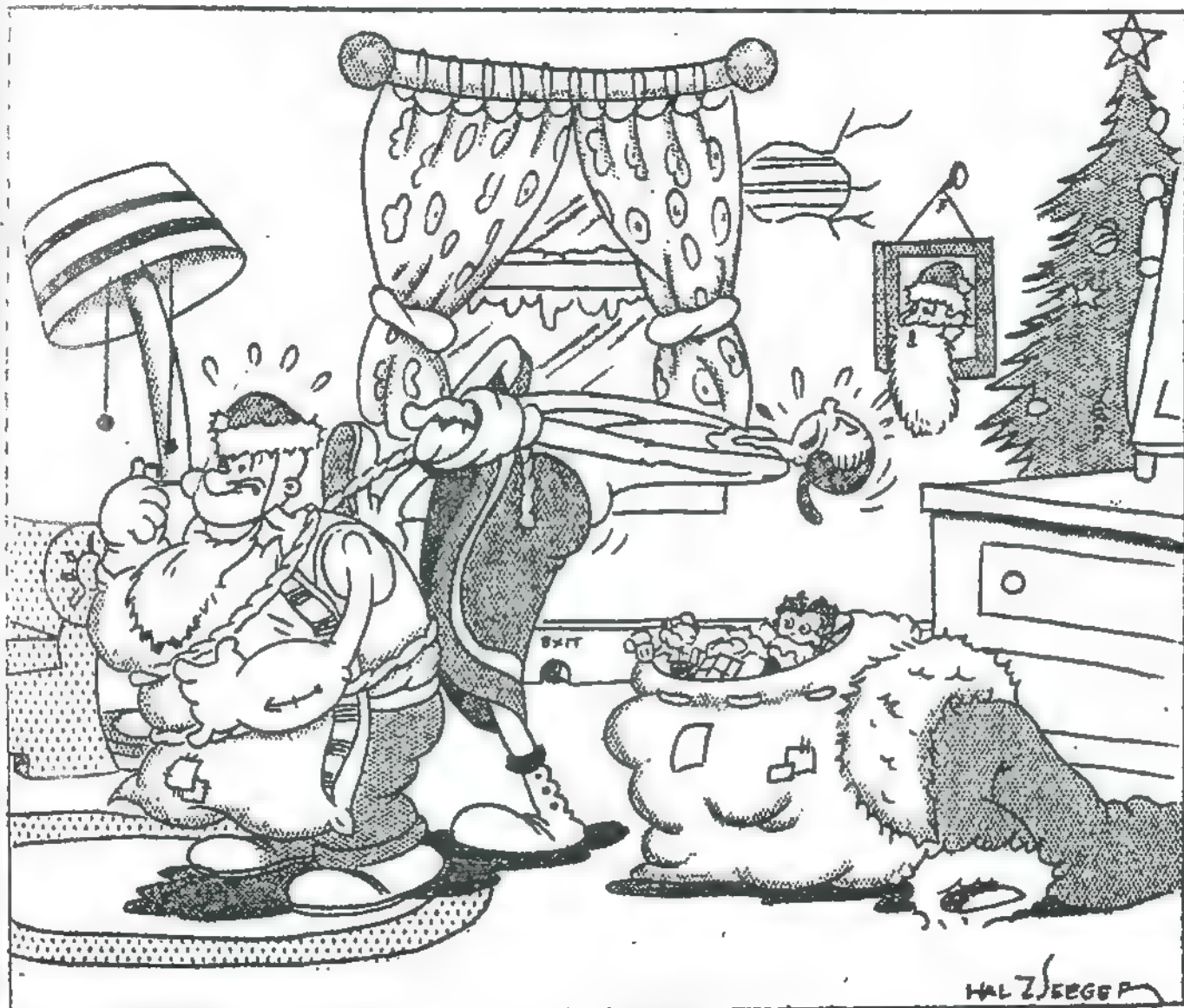
1. Read the pink card.
2. Determine from the exposure sheets the number of cells used in the scene.
3. Flip the scene for general idea of action.
4. Study animator's model for detail.
5. Make sample cells.
6. Ink the lines consistently and accurately.
7. Watch density of characters as well as hair.
8. All repeats are to be done on good peg-holed cells.

To lay down a complete set of hard fast rules for inking would be impossible, but the above list touches the ones of major importance. Above all, one must acquire a flexible wrist and arm and be able to control a clean cut line, with evenness and without wavering.

As you know, an Inker does not get screen credit. One of my Inkners, (I can't mention Milton Nadel's name) craved the thrill of having his name on the screen. During a scene which called for a lot of jangled lines, supposed to be grass, Milton conceived the idea of scribbling his name into the mess of grass lines, giving him screen credit even though nobody saw it. That just goes to show to what lengths an ambitious Inker will go in order to get ahead and who will deny that he doesn't need one.

MERRY
CHRISTMAS
AND A
HAPPY NEW
YEAR
FROM ME TO YOU.....

Lawrence Lipman





POETS

PAGE

Trees and Trees.

(With apologies to Joyce Kilmer)

Poems are a lot of work
It seems to me,
But it's a cinch for Johnny Burks
To make a tree.

I'm sure that you will never see,
A poem written 'bout a tree,
At least it won't be writ by me.

Only God (and Johnny Burks)
Can make a tree.
But poems are made
By guys like me.

Saul Kessler.

What's the Matter?

There must be something wrong with me,
But what it is I cannot see,
It seems I ain't got no appeal,
For me, no pangs, a heart does feel.
I wouldn't mind this much, but gee!
Now Olive Oyl ain't as nice as me,
And she gets 'prosals by the score,
Yet she's so thin, it makes me sore.
I guess that's where the trouble lies,
It isn't me . . . it's just my size.

Edith Vernick.

To Herman.

There is that young chap Herman Cohen,
And there's places he'd like to be gohen
As he tries to save money
It seems very funny
Where it goes he has no way of nohen.

Roberta Whitehead.

ABSOLUTELY ABSURD..^{by} ABBEY

DID'JA EVER TRY TO INK ON A
LARGE FIELD?



I INK AND INK
AND INK ALL DAY...
NO WONDER IT
MAKES MY
SWIVEL BOARD



YOU CAN'T
RUN ON A
SOUND TRACK



HOW DO I
KNOW YOU'RE
THINKING OF
A GAG?



STORY
DEP'T.



PICTURE OF AN
INBETWEENER
'BREAKING DOWN!'



Lillian Friedman's

PREVIEWS..

FUTURE STARS

Animation by:

Myron Waldman
Herman Cohen
Edward Nolan
Sam Stimson

Wm. Lokey
Lillian Friedman
Ted Vosk
Frank Endres

Scenario by:

Story Dept.

The action of this picture takes place in a theatre. Betty Boop gives us a glimpse of what the stage stars of the future look like today.

Dressed in the latest thing in panties and equipped with all the necessary requisites of babyhood, milk bottles, rattles, walkers, canvas swings, toys, etc. the infants do their stuff and how!

They do the Rhumba, Russian "kasotzka", tap dances, etc. and after going through their various routines, the precious youngsters are seen reposing peacefully in one tremendous crib, getting their well earned milk from a bottle suspended from the ceiling as Betty sings the last lines of the song, "Stars of the Future"

THE MARDI GRAS

Animation by:

Dave Tendlar
Graham Place
Bill Sturm

Nick Tafuri
Harold Walker
Eli Brucker

Scenario by:

Dave Fleischer
Izzy Sparber

Popeye and Bluto have their traditional battle for supremacy in this picture. This time it's for the crown of King of the Mardi Gras.

The picture has all the necessary local color for a Mardi Gras setting: the crowds, the grotesque masks, the trick balloons, the sound of the caliope, the fake, the breath-taking sky-chasing scenic railway.

In the course of the competition between Popeye and Bluto in the art of performing tricks, all sorts of things happen. Objects appear out of nowhere and are juggled with the greatest of ease. Olive Oyl is sawed in half without her height being lessened. (Figure that out, you mathematicians). The hair-raising climax is the three principle figures cutting capers in the cars of a scenic railway that has more loops, dips, sudden turns and terrifying heights than one can imagine.

Everyone is raving about the Popeye voice. Credit and three cheers go to our own Jack Mercer, of the Inbetweening Dept.

HAIR-RAISING & THE MOUTH

MILTON
NADEL



CITY
HALL

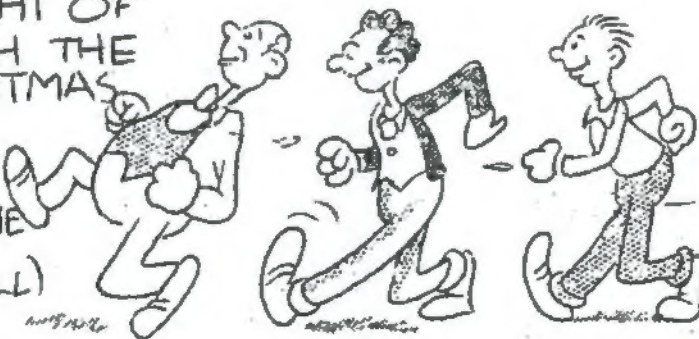
SAM BUCHWALD WON THE BOWLING
CHAMPIONSHIP CUP FROM CHARLIE
SCHETTLER WITH A SCORE OF 254!!
HOWEVER CHARLIE WON IT
BACK WITHIN A WEEK
WITH A SCORE OF
256-WOW!!

FLEISCHER
STUDIOS

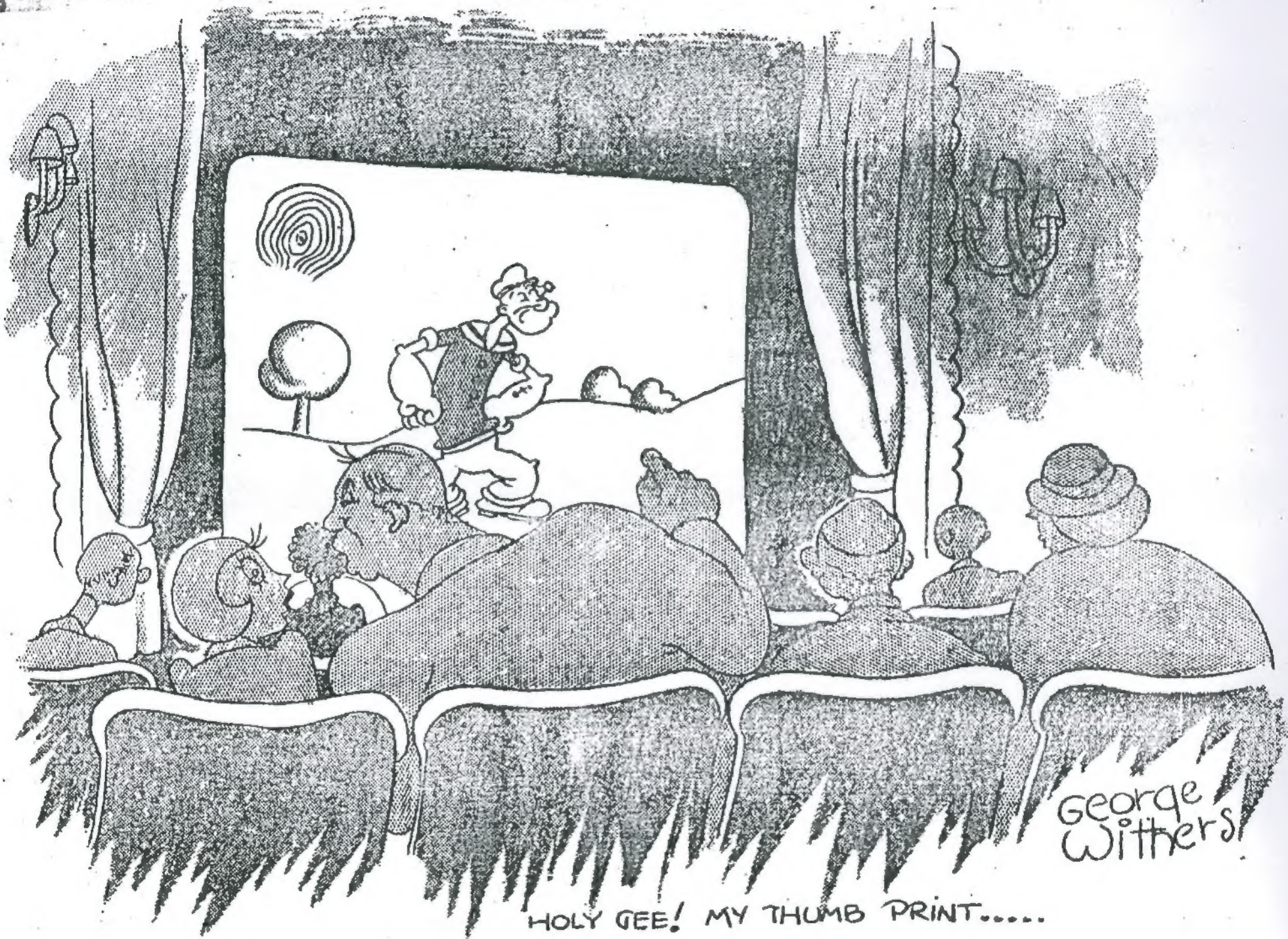


FLO KRAEMER
AND ABNER
KNEITEL SUP-
RISED US
FOLKS AN
GOT HITCHED
A MONTH AGO!!

HIGHEST LIGHT OF
THE MONTH THE
STUDIO CHRISTMAS
DINNER—
DONT FOR
GET TO COME
(AS IF YOU WILL)



TO THE
PARAMOUNT
HOTEL
←



HOLY GEE! MY THUMB PRINT.....

George Withers!

The RAMBLING REPORTER

How do you intend to enjoy yourself at the Christmas Dinner?



Johnny Burks:
"Oh, I know I'll have one swell time, and I certainly intend to enjoy myself. Just you watch how 'happy' I can get."



Rose Schoenberg:
"Must I tell? After one drink who knows what will happen. I'm giving warning right here to any waiter that takes my dinner away before I'm through. I'd like to get Jeff 'happy' so he'll tell me his first name."



Lawrence Lippman:
"By eating, dancing and making merry. I'll also oblige anyone with a speech and if I find a nice girl I'll sit out a couple of dances... don't crowd, girls!"



Edith Vernick:
"By watching the show, dancing, and having a couple of drinks. I had a darn good time last year and hope to repeat."



Harry Ritterband:
"Time will tell, I might do several things, all depending on how I feel. Any way, I'm gonna have one darn good time the same as I hope everyone else does"



Janet Fay:
"Let me think. I know the show will be enjoyable, then too, I intend to do justice to a good meal. I always enjoy watching people having fun."

If I get the chance, I'm going to snake-hips ten pounds off my weight."



Charlie Fleischer:
"I don't know offhand. I'm gonna take it all in. I know I'll enjoy myself because I always have at all the previous Christmas dinners, the only drawback is that they end too early."